Nicols (R.) London. 1613. a.

8.27. L. 14
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THE Three Sisters Teares.

SHED AT THE LATE SOLEMNE Funerals of the Royall deceased HENRY, Prince of WALES, &c.

R. N. Nicols Oxon.

Mors æquè pulsat pauperum tabernas
regnumq; turres.

LONDON:
Printed by *T. S.* for *Richard Redmer*, and are to be sould at his shop neere the West dore of *Paules* Church. 1613.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE MOST Vertuous and Highly Honoured Lady; the Lady *HONOR HAY*, VVife to the Right Noble Gentleman, IAMES, Lord *Hay*, and Daughter and Heyre to the Right Honourable, the Lord *Denny*, Baron of *Waltham*.

HONOR DENYES *not grace to any* Muſe,
When any Muſe *attributes grace to* HONOR;
Then had theſe Siſters *teares, which here inſues*
Not dul'd my Muſe *and throwne theſe woes vpon her,*
(Moſt Noble Lady) at whoſe happy birth,
Men gaue you HONOR, *and the heauens ſuch grace,*
That you are thought their Angell *vpon earth,*
My Muſe *had ſung your prayſes in this place:*
Yet ſince theſe three faire Ladyes, for your worth,
As partner in their plaints for HENRIE *dead,*
From all your tender Sex doe chooſe you forth,
Vouchſafe to grace theſe Funerall teares they ſhed:
And for ſuch grace may all the learned nine
All prayſes offer at your HONORS *ſhrine.*

Your Ladiſhips euer moſt humbly deuoted

Richard Niccols.

Authori Carmen Encomiasticon.

REceiue my show'r of teares into thy flood,
Thou saddest Pen-man of the saddest Muse;
And would my teares were teares or showers of blood,
Might teares of blood or bloody showers excuse
The bitter doome which Death and Fate decreed,
Against this Prince, who was a Prince indeed.

I say, not I, Heroycke Henry's *dead,*
He's but from Saint to Angels Court remou'd,
Where he shall euer liue eternized;
And where he erst did liue be euer lou'd
We feare and hope, Feare saies that such another
Liues not to match with him, Hope saies his Brother.

But giue I way to him, who knowes the way,
And comes prepard to make the world to weepe,
Since I want pow'r to thinke what I would say,
Or say what I would thinke: such and so deepe
Impression in my heart this losse doth giue,
Who was to young to dye, to good to liue.

Enough, enough; beginne thy Sisters teares
Vnto thy noble vertuous Patronesse,
Who no small part in their sad sorrow beares
For this late losse: which griefe cannot redresse
Were neuer teares in more abundance shed
Were neuer more true mourners for the dead.

FINIS, T.W.

THE THREE SISTERS *Teares.*

SAd second Sister of the Sacred NINE,
Whose sweetest Musick is hart-breaking mone,
Be present at these Funerall teares of mine,
And if they fayle supply them with thine owne.

If thou canst teach me wayling humaine woes
To touch a stonie hart with tender pittie,
Sit downe with mee, my MVSE doe thou dispose
In sacred tunes to sing this dolefull dittie.

Such dolefull dittie neuer Muse did sing,
No, not when all you Muses mourning sat,
With sweet *Thalia* bout your horse-hoofe spring,
For her Twinnes losse, which *Ioue* himselfe begat.

The three Sisters Teares.

Her losse was great; yet greater losse was theirs,
Whose plaints must be the subiect of my Pen,
These three sad Sisters, who with wofull teares
Here wayle his losse, whose like hath seldome beene.

Begin then MVSE, and tell both when and where
We heard these Ecchoes of their mournefull song,
Recount likewise, who these three Sisters were,
And what he was, to whom death did this wrong.

That time it was, when as the hatefull Snake
In that great belt, which buckles heauens bright brest,
Rouzing his starrie crest, his tume did take
To spit his poyson downe on man and beast.

When in this Ile, which Nature as her neast
Halcyon-like hath built, for her deare sonnes,
Amidst the seas, I steer'd my course by East,
Where fruitfull *Thames* the Prince of riuers runnes.

The three Sisters Teares.

At length that noble Citie I beheld,
'Gainſt whoſe broad breſt the angry Riuer raues;
Yet backe repulſt as being thereto compeld
He paies it tribute with his fiſh-full waues.

There did I heare (was neuer eare did heare
More diuers ſounds) all which might yet content
The daintieſt ſenſe, to which I drew me neere
To know from whence they were, and what they ment.

And loe, I did behold, from off the ſhoares
Many light friggots, put into the deepe,
All trimly deckt, which by the ſtrength of Oares
Through the ſwift ſtreame their way did weſtward (keepe.
Who in their courſe, like couples hand in hand,
(While their proud pennons did the welkin braue
And their ſhrill Muſick eccho'd on the ſtrand)
Did ſeeme to daunce vpon the bubbling waue.

And round about in many a gondelay,
Light-footed Nimphes and iolly Swaines did rowe,
Deuiſing mirth and dalliance on the way,
Not caring, how they ſail'd, or ſwift, or ſlow.

So many varying and ſo vaine delights
Floating vpon that floud, I then did ſee,
Such diuers ſhowes and ſuch fantaſtick ſights,
That *Thames* the Idle-lake then ſeem'd to be.

As on the Riuer, ſo vpon the Land,
What euer might delight the liuing ſence,
Was powred forth by pleaſures plenteous hand,
As if no other heauen had beene from thence.

VVith diuers change of faſhions and of face,
That ſtately townes proud ſtreets did ebb and flow,
Proud ietting Mimmickes, nor of name nor place
In rich attire and gold were ſeene to goe.

The three Siſters Teares.

The loftie buildings burthened with the preſſe
Of louely Dames their windowes opened wide,
And ſwolne with ioy of their ſo gracefull geſſe,
Did burſt to ſhow ſuch ornaments of Pride.

This was that day for Antique deedes renown'd,
VVhich the graue ſenate of that famous ſtate
And people, yeare by yeare, with triumph crownd
To honour their elected Magiſtrate.

With daintie delicates the Tables flow'd
In euery place, and plenteous Art in ſcorne
Of niggard Nature, all her cunning ſhow'd,
And eu'ry diſh did lauiſhly adorne.

VVanton exceſſe, whoſe cup did ouer flow
With the Vines franticke iuyce, which ſhe did ſpill
With prodigall exſpence, went to and fro
And gaue to eu'ry one to drinke there fill.

The three Siſters Teares.

T'whom quaffing deepe, while they in hart reioyce
And ſit vpon ſoft ſeates of careleſſe eaſe,
Minſtrill ſecuritie doth with high voyces
Sing this inchaunting ſong, which well did pleaſe.

Let not vaine doubt diſturbe our ſtrengthned ſtate,
Nor feare awake our peace with warres alarm's,
Our powers at home can beate backe forraine hate
And friends abroad for vs will mannage armes.

Inioy we not the Sonne of ſuch a King
So faire a branch, which now ſuch fruit doth beare,
That from ſuch fruit, ſuch hopes already ſpring,
That our great Fortunes ſhake the world with feare?

The heauens therefore vs euer ſhall behold
With louely looke, we feare no aduerſe Fate,
By humaine powers we cannot be contrould,
Nay, *Ioue* himſelfe can hardly hurt our ſtate.

The three Sisters Teares.

O vaine opinion of Soule-blinded men
To thinke that ought on earth may be ſecure,
What liues, muſt doubtleſſe die; though doubtfull
No mortall thing, alas, may long indure. (when,

In that ſelfe houre, in which the infant birth
Of ioy in humaine hart is but begunne,
Vnlookt for chance may change ſuch ioyfull mirth
To dolefull mourning, ere the glaſſe be runne.

For angry Heauen diſdaining this vaine puffe
Of Giant-Pride in men did ope the treaſure
Of *Ioues* fierce wrath, & with ſterne ſtormes did cuffe
The earth and ſeas in ſigne of their diſpleaſure.

The King of Gods, as he but caſt a looke
On them below, made all the kingdome tremble
A ſtrange amazement Prince and ſubiect ſtrooke,
Their former hopes now ſudden feares reſemble.

The three Sisters Teares.

A cloud of SORROVV couer'd all the Coaſt,
The Sunne of COMFORT that had woont diſpread
His gladſome beames, as hee his light had loſt,
In dolefull darkneſſe hid his glorious head.

Then droop't great *Albion*, and did hang the wing,
Which late aboue the clouds did vaunt to flye:
The Peacock plumes, which from her pride did ſpring
Did ſhed, their colours all did vade and dye.

The noble youth to warlike practize giuen,
The brood of *Mars*, which daily great did grow,
Whoſe harts with hope did leape as high as heauen,
VVander deiected in blacke weedes of woe.

Diſturb'd in thought to thinke what cauſe could force
So ſuddaine change of things, that ſeem'd to ſtand
Immutable, by VVeſt I kept my courſe
Still vp the Riuer, by the Northern ſtrand.

The three Sisters Teares.

Vntill I came to that great house of FAME,
That sacred Temple built by KINGS of yore,
Th'admired workmanship of whose faire frame
Excels all others that haue beene before.

There Time hath rais'd vp *Trophies* all dispred,
VVith shining Gold, and monuments of Fame,
To many Kings and great Heröes dead,
And there for euer hath engrau'd their Name.

VVhose goodly building, as I stood to see,
And wondred at the *Architects* rare hand,
An vnthought accident did hap to me,
As in the Temple I did gazing stand.

There did I see, which I shall euer rue,
There to haue seene a dolefull *Herse* erected,
To which as to a Prince no reuerence due,
Or right of Royalty was there neglected.

The three Siſters Teares.

The royall Badges that were ſet about
Did ſeeme to me to mourne vpon that Herſe,
The Lordly *Lyon* ſeem'd not halfe ſo ſtout,
Nor th' *Vnicorne*, as he was woont, ſo fierce.

A dew of dolefull teares was ſtanding ſeene
Vpon the louely white *Roſe* and the red,
The *Thiſtle* was not, as was woont ſo greene,
The *Flowre-deluce* did ſeeme to hang the head.

But woe is me, that, which was moſt in me
The cauſe of woe (O let it no be told)
Was three faire Ladies, whom I there did ſee,
Three fayrer Ladies, eye did neare behold.

They daughters to a famous Monarch were;
Though now their royall robes were laid away,
In ſtead whereof they mourning ſtoales did weare,
And at their feete their Crownes and Scepters lay.

On

The three Siſters Teares.

On the cold ground all careleſſe they did ſit
As loathing nice reſpects about that beere
And with their hands for ſuch ſterne vſe vnfit
(Alas the while) did rend their golden haire:

Their breſts they fiercely ſmot, where liu'd their woe
And their ſad eyes diſpairing of releefe
They vp did lift, whence ſtreames of teares did flow,
As heauen accuſing guilty of their griefe.

Their griefe was ſuch, that euen the marble ſtone
As mou'd therewith a weeping moyſture beares,
Yea now to thinke vpon their pitteous mone
My frailer eyes doth drowne theſe lines in teares.

And at that time I felt my greiued heart
So peirc't with pitty of ſo ſad a ſight,
That drawing neere I prai'd them to impart,
VVhat was the cauſe of their ſo rewfull plight.

The three Sisters Teares.

Then vp aroſe the fayreſt of the three
VVho ſighing deepe, as if her hart would breake,
After ſome pauſe, as ſoone as breath was free,
To let forth griefe, theſe bleeding words did ſpeake.

Angela.

AH, what delight of ſpeech can be to thoſe,
who when they ſpeake in vaine do ſpend their breath?
Man, he may heare, but cannot help our woes,
For hee is ſubiect vnto Tyrant DEATH;
To Tyrant Death, that hath done this deſpight,
Ah then in liuing ſpeech is no delight.

In vaine my tongue, in vaine thou doſt vnfold
The helpleſſe harmes of our hart hidden griefe:
In vaine it is ſuch Sorrowes ſhould be told,
VVhereas no hope is left to finde reliefe:
All is but vaine, where nothing may auaile,
Except this one thing left, to weepe and wayle.

To

The three Sisters Teares.

To weepe and wayle his losse for euermore,
Vpon whose life my hopes did whole relye.
O then into these eyes what powre will ponre
A floud of Teares, that neuer may be dry?
That I vnto the dead his due may giue,
And show how I him lou'd, when he did liue.

I am the eldest borne of Daughters three
To *Albion*, chiefe of mighty *Neptunes* sonnes,
VVho iealous lest his seed commixt should bee
VVith other mortals, round about vs runnes,
And from the world, as being in doubt to lose vs,
Hath made his waues a siluer wall t'inclose vs.

Logris my Name was once so call'd before
By great King *Locrine*, *Brutus* eldest birth,
But since that mighty people tooke this shore,
The war-like SAXONS famous through the earth,
Hight *Angela* my Name hath euer beene,
Such was the name of their victorious *Queene*.

And ſince that time, that name of mine like Thunder
Hath borne a dreadfull ſound, through ſeas and land,
The worlds great Idoll, *Rome*, at whom with wonder
The Nations round about doe gazing ſtand,
As ſodaine blow her necke of Pride had broken,
Hath quak't, when ſhee hath heard my name but (ſpoken.

But why doe I, thus vainely vaunt my power,
And boaſt my greatneſſe, now alas brought low,
Since cruell DEATH hath cropt as faire a flower,
As in my garland euer yet did grow?
Was neuer *Flower* more hopefull growne then he,
Though he is dead and withered, as you ſee.

If Iron ſides were giuen me from aboue,
That ſighing would indure, and neuer breake:
Yet could I not expreſſe my countryes loue
Vnto this dead yong PRINCE; nor could I ſpeake
His prayſes due, had I a voyce of Braſſe.
So vertuous Noble, and ſo wiſe he was.

The three Sisters Teares.

VVas (woe the while that now he is not so)
Sonne to the Fame-grac'd Monarch of this ILE,
VVho with his royall Brother, who doth grow
To hopes, that doe my present griefes beguile,
Betwixt them two alone did seeme to share
The heritage of GRACE, and vertues rare.

But vnto him, to him, that now is gone,
Heau'n at his birth so gracious was and free,
That as it should haue tooke delight alone
To giue to him, what gifts could giuen be,
In that blest houre of his faire birth it shed
All gifts of grace vpon his royall head.

The Hony sweet he suckt from learned writs,
VVas as heauens Nectar to delight his tast,
Himselfe the best aboue the best of wits
In learnings lore shot vp and grew so fast,
That all, in him, admir'd these nobler parts,
Discourse and practize both in worthie arts.

Then

Then help (yee ſacred Siſters euery one)
Leaue your delightfull ſongs and ſportfull games,
About the pleaſant ſprings of *Hellicon*
And ſitting with vs on the banckes of *Thames*,
Lament with vs, for you haue cauſe to mone,
Mæcenas now is dead, is dead and gone.

The ſectaries of your deuiner skill
By the dull world diſpis'd hee did aduance,
And them with Princely power protected ſtill
Againſt the mallice of Proud Ignorance;
Then to him dead, who gaue while he did liue
Such grace to you, all gracefull glory giue.

On you diſdain'd of golden vanitie,
He dain'd to looke, and knowing ſapience
To be the Garland of Nobility,
Did daily ſeeke your wiſedomes influence,
But he is gone and few doe now remaine,
That doe not you and all your Arts diſdaine.

Where

The three Siſters Teares.

Where are the worthies of thoſe antique dayes,
Who woont, their Crownes and Scepters laid aſide,
To girt their conquering browes with ſacred Bayes,
For which their names be now eternized.
They late did liue in him, that now is dead,
And are with him againe rapt vp in lead.

For few doe now the ſacred Nine eſteeme,
That haue the gift of *Mydas* golden touch,
Science diuine, a fruitleſſe thing they deeme,
And count the learned baſe for being ſuch.
O then let all that learned are lament
His loſſe, whoſe life was learnings ornament.

And you braue ſpirits of the warre-Gods traine,
That loue to beare the bold *Bellonaes* ſhield,
And with your ſwords eternitie to gaine,
Delight in battels and in bloodie field,
Mourne you with vs, your *Mars* hath loſt his light,
And in deaths clouds is now extinguiſht quite.

The three Siſters Teares.

Who like himſelfe, is like to looke on you,
That with an open hand and minde ſo free,
Will giue to men of *Armes* their prayſes due,
Which woont great *Brittaines* braſen wals to be?
Now in the Helme, the glory of the field,
Foule ſpiders ſtill their manſion houſe may build.

If death had giuen him leaue to lead you on,
And guide you through the crimſon paths of warre,
Againſt the ſonnes of ſtrumpet *Babilon*,
Or thoſe Philiſtines, that her Champions are,
You with your ſwords were like to dig a Tombe,
Wherein to burie all the Pride of *Rome*.

Of *Rome*, that would and will be Monſter-head
Of all the world: who was ſo holy giuen,
That ſhe of late with hot deuotion led,
VVould with one blaſt haue blowne me vp to heauen,
Such hot hell-fierd zeale let all times know,
Since time before the like could neuer ſhow.

For

For this, had HENRY liu'd to lift his hand
To hunt from hence *Romes* Rats, that daily feed
Vpon the fat and glory of my land
And in my wounded bosome daily breed,
I by his arme, like euer to be strong,
Vpon the gates of *Rome* had grau'd this wrong.

For I did thinke (and who but so will thinke)
Had he but liu'd, that neuer in this land,
A fuller cuppe of glory I should drincke,
Then that which I did hope from HENRIES hand?
For twice foure *Henries* haue beene Lords of mee,
All which could not show greater hopes then hee.

Not *Edwards* battailes, when such deeds were done,
That *Cressies* and *Poiteres* were drown'd in blood,
Nor those of *Henry*, when such fame hee woone,
That France did stoope, and at his mercy stood,
I did not thinke should be so great in fame,
As those which hope did promise in his name.

The three Siſters Teares.

Him oft, though young, vpon a war-like ſteed,
Like *Ioue*-borne *Perſeus*, mounted I haue ſeene,
VVhom with ſuch goodly grace he hath beſtrid,
As Horſe and man had but one body beene, (ſpring
Teaching him ſtand, ſtoope, ſtop, turne, leap and
Caper, curuet, pace, praunce, and trot the ring.

His riper iudgement in ſuch vnripe yeeres
And knowledge in the Theoricke of warre,
Which as I feare when future ages hears
They hardly will beleeue: wee may compare,
To th'ancient *Romans*, whoſe graue wiſedome gaue
Rome all her Pride, and made the world her ſlaue.

As bounteous Heauen with vertues and with arts
Th' immortall part of man in him did grace,
So Nature in conſtructure of thoſe parts,
VVhich death too cruell did too ſoone deface
The grace of all good feature gaue to him
In euery Muſklé, member, ioynt and limbe.

The three Siſters Teares.

A manly ſterneneſſe ſat vpon his brow;
Yet mixed with an æmiable grace,
The ſilken bloſſomes gan to bud but now
Vpon his downy chin; yet in his face
  Was ſeene ſuch iudgement as in age appears,
  How then could death deſtroy ſuch hopeful yeeres?

But why doe I, like man, made out of duſt (frame?
Seeme 'gainſt great heauen vaine arguments to
Nor higheſt *Ioue*, nor *Death*, haue beene vniuſt
Taking from earth, what earth could neuer claime:
  His ſoule from vs for our foule ſinnes complaints,
  Is rapt to heauen to dwell among the Saints.

Ah wretched England, now I turne to thee
To ſound heauens iudgements in thy ſottiſh eares,
And if ſtill deafe thou Adder-like wilt be,
And not be mou'd with pitty of theſe teares,
  Yet on thy ſelfe ſome kinde compaſſion take
  Doe not ſleepe dead in ſinne, at laſt awake.

The three Siſters Teares.

Why doſt thou hug thy ſinnefull ſelfe, as ſafe,
In the ſoft boſome of ſecurefull floath?
Dreadleſſe of thine owne danger, why do'ſt laugh
In face of heauen whoſe lookes are full of wroth?
Why doſt thou ſeeke to make thy euill good?
As vice in vertue ſhould be vnderſtood.

Turne yet deare country, turne thee now at laſt,
Be mou'd with this late ſudden blow from heauen,
And let theſe teares, ſtill tell thee what is paſt,
Leaſt careleſſe found, a greater blow be giuen:
For though thy loſſe be now laid out on beere,
Forget him not, thou canſt not finde his peere.

Except his royall Brother, who begins
Like hopefull bud to promiſe goodly fruit:
For whoſe deere life, repentant of thy ſinnes,
Offer to heauen thy prayers and ſuppliant ſuite:
For now on *Charles* my hopes transferred be,
Since *Henry*, dead, I neuer more ſhall ſee.

This

The three Siſters Teares.

Thus ſad ſhee ſigh'd and downe her ſelfe did throw,
Euen downe againe vpon the cold hard ſtone,
With whom her Siſters, as wood-Culuers doe
Vpon the bared branch made pitteous mone,
Vntill at length the ſecond Siſter roſe
And in theſe words did vtter forth her woes.

Albana.

A Mournfull ſubiect ſhould with mournfull skill
Be painted forth, in letters fraught with tears;
then help, ſoone help me to ſome turtles quil,
Who for her deare loues loſſe griefes burthen beares,
VVhich with ſad Sorrowes drops may euer flow,
That with true Paſſion thou mayſt write my woe.

Neuer

The three Sisters Teares.

Neuer did Turtle mourne on branchleſſe bow
Her deereſt make dead dropping from the tree
With more lamenting griefe, then I doe now
Deere HENRY dead, dead HENRY deere to mee.
For though thou haſt my Siſters teares before,
Yet I haue cauſe to mourne as much, or more.

To *Albion*, Monarch of this Iland all
Till death his life vntimely did exſpell,
VVhen with *Alcides* on the coaſt of Gaule
Fighting beneath his conquering Club he fell
I, wretched I, the ſecond Daughter am
And at the firſt hight *Albana* my name.

Of Noble *Abanact*, *Brutes* ſecond Sonne
I was ſo nam'd, who ouer me did raigne
Till ſlaine in battaile by the barbarous Hume
His Brother *Locrine* did my cauſe maintaine,
And on proud HVMBER did reuenge his blood,
Who drown'd, did leaue his name vnto that flood.

And

The three Sisters Teares.

And since that time, though wrathfull heau'ns haue
With many a bitter storme vpon my coast, (frown'd
Though in the depth of woe I haue beene drown'd
For many sonnes, whom I haue timelesse lost;
Yet neuer any griefe did touch mee more,
Then this for him, whom dead I doe deplore.

How can the Nurse but wayle her infant lost
Tooke from the breast, whom she shall neuer see
And of his birth, who but my selfe can boast?
Who was so hopefull, when hee went from me,
That neuer Mother had more hope of childe,
Alas, that of such hopes I am beguild.

When time at first his birth to light did bring,
Those three faire twines, from whom to vs is giuen
All good and vertue, that of grace doth spring
To rocke his royall Cradell came from heauen,
And by degrees their graces did bestow,
As he from leafe and bud to flower did grow:

The three Siſters Teares.

His leafe was louely as the ſpring of day,
His bud peept forth as doth the baſhfull morne,
His flower began moſt goodly to diſplay,
And much this Ilands garden did adorne:
But death, that wilde Boare entered in anon,
And now his liues leafe, bud, and flower are gone.

Not in that gardens plot, which we be-hight
Of *Yorke* and *Lancaſter*, did euer grow
Amongſt ſo many Roſes red and white
Any Roſe-bud, that made a fairer ſhow,
So faire it ſhow'd, earth was enui'd to beare it,
Now therfore heauen doth in her boſome weare it.

Not all the Forreſt of great *Albion*
Did euer any Lordly *Lyon* know,
More like then that of his to ſet vpon
That Beaſt of *Rome* and all her Pride orethrow;
And therefore now a place to it is giuen
Aboue the *Lyon*, that great ſtarre in heauen.

If

The three Sisters Teares.

If he had liu'd beneath his royall Sire
Our Kingly shepheard, who with care doth keepe
The flocke of *Israell* from raging Ire
Of rauening VVolues that would destroy the sheepe
Then, then, should all our *Brittaine* borders be,
As once they were from VVolues secure and free.

But what so strong or stedfast is, whose state
Stands vnder heauen built vpon earthly mould,
That can indure? firme is the doome of FATE
To Prince and Poore alike, to young and old,
Nor wisedome, honour, beautie, gold or strength,
To mortall life can adde on day in length.

VVho that hath eyes, but sees the day begunne
Peepe forth from East like childe from Mothers
And yet in West ere many howers be done, (wombe
Her life and light being lost shee seekes her tombe,
Hee, that sees this vnto himselfe may say,
Death is not farre, my life is like the day.

The three Sisters Teares.

For if ought mortall could haue wrought such won-
As to haue bought a little Leaſe of life, (der,
Sterne Fate ſhould not ſo ſoone haue cut in ſunder
Our deare dead HENRIES thred with cruell knife.
Yea, many liues (could liues preuaile with death)
Would for his one haue offerd vp their breath.

But that which grieues a tender Mother moſt,
And heapes huge Sorrowes on her mournfull breaſt
When ſhe her deare beloued Sonne hath loſt,
Is now the cauſe of my mindes moſt vnreſt,
I was not by to cloſe dead HENRIES eyes,
When enuious Fates did make his life their prize.

I, that did beare him, was too farre away,
To mourne his dolefull Fate, when as hee di'd,
Death, like a Theefe, vpon his life did pray,
And ſtole him hence; to mee it was deni'd
Vnto my Lord to ſpeake my laſt *Farewell*,
And bid him ſleepe, where peace doth euer dwell.

Yee

The three Sisters Teares.

Yee Sisters three, that still in fatall hand
The Twist and Spindle of mans life doe hold,
To whom the power is giuen to command,
The breath of this or that man, vncontroul'd,
Amongst so many liues, why did you chuse
That life of his, and all the rest refuse?

Was it to make your dreaded power knowne
In him alone, to men in Fortunes grace?
Mongst whom (flesh proud by Nature,) few or none
Obserue it in the men of meaner place?
If so, he being spar'd, why was not then
Your doome decreed against those wretched men?

Those wretched men, of all that liue this day,
Who vainely thinke themselues then most secure
When soothing Sycophants to them doe say
They shall not dye but euermore indure:
Of such may HENRY, gone, the eyes vnblinde,
And make them know, they must not stay behinde.

But thus why with ineuitable Fate
Doe I diſpute? why doe I thinke in hart,
To preordaine the time of finall date
And point whom death ſhall ſtrike with deadly dart,
Since mortall men ſuch ſecrets may not know,
And heauen keepes hid ſuch things from earth (below?
Yet, if that any wretch, whoſe cankered breſt
Is deepely wounded with the deadly ſting
Of monſter Errours, foule ſeauen-headed beaſt
Shall dare to aske, why ſuch a hopefull ſpring
In prime of all his youth was taken hence
And falſely thinke the cauſe was his offence;

Such barking Curres (if barking Curres there be
That dare in priuate our dead Lyon bite)
Know that the chiefeſt cauſe why wretched we
Haue loſt in Iſraell our ſecond light,
Is their falſe, wicked, cloſe, commerce with thoſe,
That are their God, their King and countries foes.

Al-

The three Siſters Teares.

Although I not excuſe theſe impious times
VVhich vnto heauen for vengeance daily call;
For know(deere country) for thy odious crimes,
This heauy loſſe vpon thy head did fall: (breath
Not that braue *Prince*, though borne with ſinfull
VVith crying crimes did haſten his owne death.

Then with thy ſiſter England turne from ſinne, (thee
That Heauen may turne her threatfull plagues from
And bleſſe thy *Soueraignes Charles*, who doth begin,
To bud apace, and in each grace to be
The Image of his Noble Brother dead,
For whom theſe teares his *Albana* doth ſhed.

This ſaid, the reſt in ſilence ſhe did drowne,
And ſighing from her breaſt a grieuous groane,
As if it would haue broke, ſhe ſat her downe,
VVith whom her Siſters did lament and mone,
Vntill the third and youngeſt vp did riſe,
VVho did expreſſe her Sorrowes in this wiſe.

Cambera.

Cambera.

IF euer heauen did ſhed a weeping ſhowre,
Compaſſionating things on earth below,
If earth, or any thing therein haue powre
T'augment my griefe or adde vnto my woe,
In my ſad paſſions let them beare a part,
That theſe my teares may pierce the worlds hard (hart.
The man, that wayles the loſſe of ſuch a thing,
Which he hath ſought and yet could neuer ſee,
which was the life, from whence his hopes did ſpring,
And findes it dead, that man is like to mee,
Of HENRY dead, the garland of my glory,
Neare ſeene by mee, muſt be my mournfull ſtory.

I am the yongeſt Siſter of the three
Yet equall to the beſt of both in fame,
As in all antique ſtories men may ſee,
And *Cambera* is my true auncient name,
So cal'd of Noble *Camber*, *Brut's* third Sonne,
When ouer me to raigne hee firſt begunne.

And

And since that time, my state oft times cast downe
On lowly dust by hand of irefull FATE,
I neuer had more hope to calme her frowne
And rayse againe the glory of my state:
But death that daily workes this worlds decay
With *Henries* life hath blowne my hopes away.

Twice thirty times and fiue the radiant Sunne
His Inne hath taken with the golden Ram
And euery time his yeares iust race hath runne
Since any Prince was titl'd by that name;
VVho then more teares should to this Herse
Then I for losse of my late liuing LORD? (afford

The blacke Prince *Edward*, whose victorious Lance
Spaines bastard *Henry* did in battell quell
And made blacke daies and bloody fieldes in *Fraunce*
VVhen French King *Iohn* beneath his valor fell
In *Henry* liu'd, for hee againe did rayse (praise.
My plume forgot, which *Edward* crown'd with

The three Sisters Teares.

As when in golden Summer wee doe ſee
A dainty Palme high mounted on the head
Of ſome greene hill to daunce for iollity
And ſhake her tender lockes but new diſpread,
So ſtood my Eſtrich plumes on *Henries* crowne
VVauing aloft like enſignes of renowne.

Had I but ſeene, what fame ſo high reſoundes,
Had *Ludlow* with his preſence once beene bleſt,
Or had his foote ſteps toucht my borders boundes,
I ſhould not yeeld vnto my thoughts vnreſt;
But with my Siſters ſeeke t' appeaſe my ruth,
VVho did inioy the glory of his youth.

Then for this loſſe, 'gainſt whom ſhall I complaine?
To leſſen griefe, ſhall heauen appeached be?
Or death accus'd of wrong? that were prophane,
Our Princes are their ſubiects, and as hee,
So others ſhall, that are and ere haue beene;
Like vapors vade and neuer more be ſeene.

No

The three Sisters Teares.

No, no my country thou the blame must haue,
Thy sinne aboue the cloudes her head did show
And there the King of GODS did proudly braue,
Who for that cause did scourge thee with this woe,
Which euer beare in thought, least at the last,
Thou feele the smart of that thou thinkst is past.

Lift vp thine eyes, to heauen all prayses giue,
Seeke with sad teares t'appease IEHOVAHS wrath,
And that thy Royall DAVID long may liue
To try thy cause against that man of *Gath*,
Bring downe the length of dayes vpon his head,
And blesse the partner of his Royall Bed.

Blesse hopefull CHARLES, that we may want no heyre
Of his to weare this Kingdomes Diadem,
Great Heauen looke louely on that louely payre,
Strike Enuy dead, if it but point at them,
And let their Sunne of IOY be neuer set:
Though HENRY dead we neuer may forget.

The three Sisters Teares.

Thus hauing vtter'd forth her pittious mone,
She with her Sisters vanished away,
And left me there in Sorrow all alone,
At which amaz'd I durst no longer stay,
Else I did thinke vpon that Royall HERSE,
To haue left behinde this sad acrostike Verse.

AN EPITAPH.

HEre lyes a Prince, that was the Prince of Youth,
EXpert in Arts his age doth seldome know,
NOble his Nature, and the shield of Truth,
REligions stedfast friend, and Errors foe;
IN Vertues wayes hee kept as he begun,
EVen in that path his Royall Sire had done.

PArted hee is from vs, and yet not gone,
RApt vp to heauen, his heauenly part there liues,
IN earth his earth lies dead, for 'tis her owne,
NAme and Renowne the World to him still gines.
COunt this true Parradox, if truely read,
EVer Prince HENRY *liues, and yet is dead.*

FINIS.

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